ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISCARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

PARASITE

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MASS RAPE
(THE WAR AGAINST WOMEN IN BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA)
Edited by Alexandra Stiglmayer
(University Of Nebraska Press)

UNFINISHED MURDER
(THE CAPTURE OF A SERIAL RAPIST)
James Neff
(Pockett)

DUTCH TREAT
(Video Team)

SEYMORE & SHANE MEET KATHY WILLETS
-THE NAUGHTY NYMPH
Directed by Seymore Butts
(Ultimate Video)

KATHY, A CASE OF NYMPHOMANIA
Ellis Rubin
(Lifetime)

DOGS 1.

"In virtually all venues, the nude dancer is in total control of the stage and audience. The feminist scenario of a meat rack of ribs and haunches priced and fingered by reeking buffoons is another hysterical projection. Hard as it may be to believe, men in strip clubs ADMIRE what they see and are even awed by it. They gather round the women to warm themselves, as if the stage were a bonfire on a medieval winter's night. The dancers exert a magnetic force. The men don't know exactly why they must come there, but they sense that their ordinary lives and official religion don't fulfill their longings to answer all their questions. To reduce these ritual visitations to a matter of mechanical masturbation is unintelligent and unimaginative. The nude dancer can never be captured or completely known. She teases and eludes, like the female principle itself."
(Camille Paglia, VAMPS & TRAMPS, Vintage, 1994)

"Whenever I turned off the radio in the shop, I heard the constant squishing sounds of men masturbating in the booths. Set against the background whine of the film projectors as they looped the same film through again and again were the sounds of solitary sex: a man breathing harder and sighing almost painfully; another making a slapping sound as he jerked his hand back and forth across his penis. Some customers used commercial lubricants to intensify the feeling and reduce the friction of masturbating. Others used saliva. I quickly learned to differentiate among the sounds."
(Jack McIver Weatherford, PORN ROW, Arbor House, 1986)

Somewhere between your dreary little bedroom life and your dreary little jerk-off fantasies, just like the place

In the second issue of COMPULSION, Manson collector John Aes-Nihil tries to explain why Charles Manson isn't a hippy:

"Because the U.S. Government wanted a way to get rid of the hippies, and Manson was a good way to discredit the whole thing -by claiming they were a bunch of psychotic murderers."

Among other inanities, Aes-Nihil shows a particular talent for turning excuses into icons and misunderstanding both at once:

"Charles Manson is pretty much the Nietzsche of today. I'd say his concern for the environment is one of the main things (that make Manson "noble"). If something is not done about that, then there won't be much of anything left."

There may well be reasons to concern one's self with Manson's jailhouse rants and his pack of drug-riddled blank slaughterers, but the chances for those reasons having anything to do with limp hippy causes like water and mud and happy fluffy bunnies are close to nil. The chances for students of media or legal hypocrisy

between the advertising copy and your red-faced stuttering excuses, lies what's missing. That staticy grey area where all your reasons and weak pathetic prayers swim and buzz and tweak: that impulse that allows for your knees on the floor in front of a thick HIV cock; the drive that makes those sloppy few seconds the most important moments right there and then. The same colorless burn that makes you beg a nighttime voice -over and over and over- to allow you to forget what you did, to allow you to stop doing it ever again, to allow you the chance to prove yourself healthy this one last time. Head up, shoulders back, spine straight as you tuck it back in and walk out. He didn't have the right sized dick for the weight you're packing. And this time you just licked the shaft and the tip of the head. And there were no wet spots. Please, please, please.

All those euphemisms. All those promises. Those chewable scars and uncontrollable twitches. Those embarrassments and ugly degenerate designs. All that quick hard copy:

"Accounts of torture, murder, mutilation, abduction, sexual enslavement, and systematic attempts to impregnate -all in the name of "ethnic cleansing"- make for the grimmest of reading. However brutal and appalling the information conveyed here, this book cannot and should not be ignored."

SLEAZY DUTCH SLUT TAKES ON 120 GUYS ALONE ...AND BEGS FOR MORE! WORLD RECORD BROKEN! IN 9 STRAIGHT HOURS -THAT'S ONE GUY EVERY 4.6 MINUTES!

"A spellbinding account...Victims, survivors, detectives and villain; investigation and trial, every aspect of this unusual phenomenon is revealed and explored to enlighten all readers about this darkest of crimes."

So easy. Lazy, rudimentary. The cheap deconstruction of base pimp language, or of puerile self-aggrandizing rationalizations, says nothing of the lazer-like focus that melts one word into another to explode and expose those delicate paraphilias into fleshy acts of (pick one) righteous personal empowerment, sick debasement, self-hating misery, heady renegade radicalism (tribal, pagan, fat & lonely), or maybe ugly mindless egotistical rape.

"I'm not a whore" says that smeared hole between its cum stinking nose and pearl necklace.

So turn around.

Bend over and choose a pit. Pick a favorite. Your warmest hairy bucket. Name the price for each one based on use and abuse, resilience, availability and demand. And on its most unique features. Its taut self-cleansing design and stapled centerfold appeal. Its face frying nose searing vein snapping cheapness and immediacy.

It says Thank You. It means it. Right now, it means it perfectly. It wants what it wants into need. Its desire, its personality, its reality dictates a fat black boot scraped across its plastic tits and cherishes a gooey wad of yellow mucus spat directly into its face. It says Thank You again.

It sucks money. A scratchy crumbled mash of dirty bills shoved straight into its gaping maw lips and drool. It spat out your cum and charged extra for a dug grope.

You stretch-marked old whore.

You black pig.

You black crack addict beast.

You glory hole worm.

It burns all sorts of stories and information and select to fetishize Charlie, like Jones and Koresh, are much greater but no less insipid. The misanthropic reactionaries who're looking to skewer Manson, like Altamont and The Stooges, onto the end of their sixties trip simply didn't know where to look during their winsome acid and pollen daze.

Nevertheless, the Manson minions continue to loudly miss the point and mire the very clear waters with all sorts of christmas wrapped answers designed to provoke and placate their mothers and teachers all in one bug-eyed reversed swastika carved shot.

DEATH TRIP, "Written, edited and compiled by Johnny Satan (Church of Pussycat)",and the COMMEMORATION cd offer, at least, more aggressive and less polite views of Manson and the circus that may or may not exist beyond simple sloppy confusion and tepid rationalizations. Both releases seem to suggest a greater concern with safe values and moral equanimity. Though, at least in the case of COMMEMORATION, that morality is specific and far from all-inclusive.

Johnny Satan plays both sides, apologizing and explaining and feeding on all the apocalyptic media mantras one has come

nineteen counts of intimidation, three counts of cutting telephone lines, two thefts, and twenty-seven aggravated robberies. He was convicted on 220 counts of the indictment. (Judge) McMonagle gave him 3,198 years -the longest sentence in Ohio history."

UNFINISHED MURDER is Ronnie's story. How the young man lived his life in tune with his sexual mania. How he refused to get a real job because of his intense voyeuristic prowling schedule. How he never suffered for lack of girlfriends. How he stripped for bachelorette parties. How he had the warts on his dick removed. And through very impressive documentation, how he came to enjoy taking what he wanted and making what he wanted into very specific acts:

"Then he pushed her to her knees and raped her every way he knew how while she cried hysterically. During the ordeal he commanded her, 'Say 'I love you'.'

She could not. She was crying too hard."

And the consequences of his tastes:

"In the weeks after Ronnie raped her in the bathroom, Becky Roth could not force herself to strip off her clothes to take a shower. She hated being naked, and the thought of stepping inside the bathroom terrified her. She talked about it to her mom, who agreed to help her. First, Becky's father, a wealthy businessman, installed a shower in a small second bathroom. For the next few months, her mother drove each morning and stood outside the bathroom door while Becky showered in a swimsuit."

Focusing.

"'He told me he didn't want to leave evidence', she said. 'He said to swallow it. I tried to spit it out and he told me if I didn't swallow it, he would kill me. So I did.' "

Creating.

"Within weeks after the rape, Janis was well on her way to adding pounds onto her trim, 110-pound frame, having almost deliberately decided to make herself ugly. No one will ever look at me twice, she decided. She punished herself, giving up biking and exercise and stuffing herself with junk food. She was so unhinged by the rape that this destructive strategy seemed like a smart thing to do."

UNFINISHED MURDER touches on all the bases. Ronnie's background (albeit rendered somewhat Freudian), his drives and lusty actions, his victims and their pain (the title will tell you the spin) and Ronnie's own thoughts and opinions. James Neff, the author of UNFINISHED MURDER, wisely reports from the victims' side. He records the victims' expectations and desires as expressed through their initial meeting with Ronnie Shelton's prosectors:

"Put him in a room with all the victims for a half hour. Torture. Death."

"I was held at gunpoint and orally raped. This bastard should never see the light of day!!!"

"Death. Penis cut off beforehand."

"Since death isn't possible, the absolute maximum."

"I do not want to plea bargain. What he has done not only to me but to the other women, we will probably never forget. We will be scarred for life. I feel he should pay for this -with his life."

And the prosecution is careful to remind the girls that they can always try to sue Ronnie Shelton in civil court:

"I think in five, ten years, that will be the trend in this country. I don't think you'll recover anything, but if he ever inherits anything, you'll have a claim."

Makes sense. Kathy Willets, haggard and worn, says:

"I'm tellin' you that every woman sells her body someway, somehow."

Jeff Willets would concur. Seymore and his Shane certainly would as well. That stretched flesh rag mother to 120 cocks in one night would also have to squeal in the affirmative.

Bet Ronnie wouldn't think he was only arguing over price. Nor would the many contributors to MASS RAPE, or its editor Alexandra Stiglmayer.

Do you know what I mean when I use the words "offensive", "disgusting" and "nauseating"? Do you know the difference between a pig and a dog? Do you, papa? Do you, comrade? Do you know the incredible importance of getting exactly what you pay for?

bonus of carting his wife, Shane, around -offering her up like any other Italian pimp would- the material action is still ages away from the immediate cutting brutality of Ugly George or Jamie Gillis. It's all pose and fantasy made pose and slightly sweaty and any cracks in the mirror would only frustrate the gloss and friendly design. Like maybe Shane and Seymore, given their athletic good looks and spry young enthusiasm, might just find Kathy Willets physically repulsive. Her sun dried leathery flesh and pancake sucking wrinkles. Her sad Floridian hospitality and next door neighbor gin and tonic smile and flutter. Her unctious slurps and giving bestiality, her heart squeezing, lung sucking red-faced moans and withered old dog fuck and spludge rolls.

Sucking cock in a bathroom. Getting her spindly old thirty-seven year old slash banged behind a garbage dump. Taking a dildo and cum and balls and cunt and offering her scars and skin cancer and platinum dye and cheap sparkling jewelry up for sale, cheap, for "2HR 8MIN RUNNING TIME" and just what will she do next week. More Geraldo. More INSIDE EDITION. More Porno box covers and convention autographs. A few B-movies intended for cable and the breast obsessed nerds who saw the pig shots in DRACULINA and PREVUE should be good for a couple days worth of pork scratchings, shrimp and hotel room vodka.

Degenerate whores.

"Actual rapes of Muslim and Croatian women by Serbian soldiers, filmed as they happen, have been shown on the evening news in Banja Luka, a Serbian-occupied city in western Bosnia-Herzegovina. The women were presented as Serbian and as being raped by Muslim or Croatian men. In September 1992 one woman about age fifty, entirely naked and with visible bruises, was shown being raped on television. A Serbian cross hung around her neck; the rapist -using a term for Serbian fascist collaborator that has become a badge of pride among Serb forces- cursed her Chetnik mother; someone was yelling 'harder'. The verbal abuse was dubbed -and unmistakably Serbian in intonation and usage. The man's face was not visible, but the woman's was. In another televised rape a few days later, a woman near age thirty-five with short, dark hair, was shown on the ground; her hands were spread and tied to a tree, her legs tied to her hands. Many men watched her raped in person; thousands more watched her raped on television. This time, in an apparent technical lapse, about four or five seconds of actual sound track was aired: 'Do you want sex, Ustasha? Do you like Serbian stud horses?' Earlier in the war, according to Asja Armanda of the Kareta Feminist Group, a news report showed Serbian tanks rolling in to 'cleanse' a village. The tanks were plastered with pornography."
(Catharine A. MacKinnon, "Turning Rape into Pornography", MASS RAPE)

Hardly worth the trouble; the fault must certainly lay with the drunken beast spewing Shakespearean epithets rather than the protector of the pit. She deserves a damn good dressing down. She deserves a hard slap across her laughing barking safe face. She deserves a sharpened screwdriver dragged upward from the inside of that fat fleshy cunt straight up through that stringy neck and back down into her spinal column. Who controls the scene, who defines the dynamics? Who names the price, creates the demand and worries about the worth?

And the sweating, panting line of dogs sitting still and as polite as they can just about force,as the yeasty paste and bloody crumbling mistake is paraded before them, focus and weigh their chances:

When is a woman not a whore. When does she not sell herself. How can one help the earth mother act naturally.

"Lee turned to a friend. 'The guy stole away my sex life for the rest of my life. I will never be able to have it spontaneous like it used to be when we first got married. That son of a bitch stole that, and I will never let him forget that. I don't care what the judicial system says, if he gets out he ain't going nowhere else. I mean they are still looking for Hoffa, and they want to find him. They dug up golf courses and housing developments looking for that guy, and nobody gives a shit about this Ronnie Shelton.'"

Ronnie Shelton raped at least thirty women in a five year period.

"Shelton was found guilty of forty-nine rapes (he raped some of the victims more than once during an assault), twenty-nine aggravated burglaries, eighteen felonious assaults, sixty counts of gross sexual imposition, twelve kidnappings, favorite scenes behind that puffy creviced and drawn face. Dead eyes, acne scars, loose hung lips and arm-length bruises. Its got a baby or two back home with a retard's hole in its lungs or its heart or its diapers and it can barely breathe at times.

And it'll be: Its mother was a whore. Out on the streets, up in Indiana or near the Calumet City strip. Trash. Niggers. Mamas. Babies. Business lunch unwashed cocks in rank urinals and jiggle your tits up a bit you fucking pig. Its tasted all lines of long meat with crabs and disease and bad intentions long before it got caught up in carrying that rat tumour with itty bitty legs and innocent eyes and crawling needs and flesh destroying sucks. Before it took hold and never let go.

He got me drunk, Dad.

I think this may be it.

How do you confuse that idea in your teenage head to that act in your middle-aged crotch. Nice tits, nice conversation, nice kempt bush that smells only slightly less sulphuric than the rotting bowels of your pig mother's or that fat cunt that figures she was used or did you a favor.

Under those lights set up at the foot of the big bed, you can see everything she is. Even underneath those cheap cliche'd suburban fantasy rags that'll surely appeal to every Freudian retiree ever to open up an issue of TV DOMINA. Underneath those throaty slurping gum smacking burps and lip pops and those irritating face chewing crows-feet and that full paste splash of Max Factor cow lard.

Rub it all in.

Scrub it all off.

Shower it all down the watery drain, close your eyes and try to forget. Or pray it'll work out. Or pray to be uninfected. Or that it doesn't matter. Or escape how you were, how you are, what you need, what you want, when you can get some help. A dog pat, a stern talking to, a vaseline'd romance, a few fucking days alone without some huge fucking waste lying on top of your soft bones and fragile soul, humping and spitting and mauling all over you. Don't get caught, please don't let them arrest me.

Work it out. Shake it off. Come on, honey, share your story.

This will really make you sick.

'Cause it sounds so true.

"This is also rape made especially exciting for the perpetrators by knowing that there are no limits on what they can do, by knowing that these women can and will be raped to death. Although the orders provide motivation enough, the rapes are made sexually enjoyable, irresistable even, by the fact that the women are about to be sacrificed, by the powerlessness of the women and children in the face of their imminent murder at the hands of their rapists. This is murder as the ultimate sexual act.

"It will not help to say that this is violence, not sex, for the men involved. When the men are told to take the women away and not bring them back, first they rape them, then they kill them, and then sometimes rape them again and cut off their breasts and tear out their wombs. One woman was allowed to live only as long as she kept her Serbian captor hard all night orally, night after night after night, from midnight to 5:00 AM. What he got was sex for him. The aggression was the sex."

to expect and avoid for some time now:

"'I am just a mirror', Manson says over and over. 'Anything you see in me is in you'. He says it so often it becomes an evasive action. I'm rubber and you're glue. But there's a truth there nonetheless.

"The society may be disgusted and horrified by Charles Manson, but it is the society's perverted system of penal "rehabilitation", its lust for vengeance and cruelty, that created him."

DEATH TRIP (Death Valley Books) collects Mr. Satan's opinions and conclusions alongside photos and interviews with Manson and The Family.

COMMEMORATION (White Devil Records) is a much more pure release. "Commemorating sixty years of struggle against cowardice, stupidity and lies", this cd is nothing but Manson singing from the Vacaville Medical Facility in California. The compilers of this release are joined with Manson in outlook and philosophy so,ridiculous as it all is, at least one is spared the airy pontifications and cheezy metaphors of art school misfits and Research faggots.

James Mason, author of SIEGE (Storm Books) writes "Here is life and hope" in the liner notes, and Michael M. Jenkins

(Catharine A. MacKinnon, "Rape, Genocide, and Women's Rights", MASS RAPE)

Am I doing it right?

Is this the way? The right speed? The perfect functional rhythm and image?

You pregnant pig. You fat beast -your fake glowing radiance, your fecal disease, your gross femaleness. You old shitting cow. Prostitute.

DUTCH TREAT is a particularly offensive video. Simply disgusting. Nauseating. A two hour documentary shot at a sex club in Amsterdam -CLUB DE ZAAR- covering a "sex marathon". And whatever the reason, the idea was to break a world record for most fucks in a row. One bone-skinny dutch slag with gelatinous whorey breasts, shaved cunt and a red feathered face mask plops her calcium poor frame into a medical chair, places her gangly legs in abortion-style stirrups and spreads all she has to offer to one hundred and twenty losers with hollywood loaves at the ready. The dogs line up at the side where just before meeting the quim queen they are fluffed by a team of three hookers -also wearing face masks- whose job is to get the dicks up and lubed into condoms. Each male -fat, bald, loose, skinny, tattooed, hairy, desperate, pathetic, brain-dead- takes a turn at the hole. Spending just a few quick pumps and groans before effortlessly pulling out and stumbling away. One after another, these sterilized reasonless half-hard cocks enter this pig's grotesque corpse, stare stupidly at the smiling divot, grind their blotchy nakedness into another for mere seconds, flop out hard and slimy, then teeter out across the hot stage into their trembling hands. The punctured whore sometimes rubs the men's sides, sometimes pats their asses, but always smiles and talks and giggles while the portly beery faces eek in closer and closer, their minds set to the same setting as a mangy mutt in heat dry humping an old man's pants in the middle of a crowded party. The cunt also constantly licks her fingers and slathers her itchy bald meat slash. One after another after another in far too rapid a succession, barely hard jutting cocks enter, slide and slip into that greasy mother's hole. Without comprehension. Without design. Without violence. In ugly pantomime of every sad primal excuse ever dreamed up or hoped for by every lovely loveless fat cunt with an ax to grind or a story to sell. Behavioral, biological, instinctual, spiritual -a line of one hundred and twenty gawking zombies slowly lumbering up for a fast taste of some rotting fleshy womb. Politely waiting their turn; their chance at mother nature and all its sick smelly menstruating warmth. This time free of diseases thanks to latex. This time free of want and need and manipulation thanks to the assembly line manners. This time free of age and entropy and disgust thanks to phony smiles born of stupidity rather than denial. And this time free of danger and pain thanks to no-one.

"Those who inquire about the reasons for rape run up against a confusion of myths and ideologies. The most popular and effective myth is that rape has to do with an uncontrollable male drive that, insofar as it is not restrained by culture, has to run its course in a manner that is unfortunate, to be sure, but also unavoidable. This is predicated on the "pressure-cooker" theory of male nature. According to this idea men are finally not the lords of their own manor. They are seen as involuntary victims of their violent and instinctive nature. The advantage of this theory is that it relieves the individual of responsibility for his actions and exculpates him for the use of sexual violence. In fact, there are good reasons to assume that rapes do not have much to do with either nature or with sexuality. Rather, they are acts of extreme violence implemented, of course, by sexual means. Studies show that rape is not an aggressive manifestation of sexuality, but rather a sexual manifestation of aggression. In the perpetrator's psyche it serves no sexual purpose but is the expression of rage, violence, and dominance over a woman. At issue is her degradation, humiliation, and submission. To be sure, this violent act is carried out by sexual means."
(Ruth Seifert, "War and Rape, A Preliminary Analysis", MASS RAPE)

Kathy Willets warned of her only logical worth in the 21st issue of DRACULINA:

"Yes, I have considered doing adult movies. I'm presently working on a contract. I want to try and do my life story based on my sexual experiences again. I have a lot of friends in this field and if you take what you do seriously and keep a level head there is no limit as to how far you can go."

Through the eyes of her lawyer, Ellis Rubin, Kathy Willets seemed to have a problem with labels:

"Oh, my God, Mr. Rubin, don't let them put me in jail, please, please... Ellis, don't let them put me in jail," she begged between sobs. "I will die if I have to go to jail", and, finally, "Please don't let them call me a whore, I can't stand it!"

And again:

"I'm not a whore. I've never been a whore. I'm not a prostitute. I'm a very sweet, nice, loving person, and I refuse to let them call me a whore."

KATHY, A CASE OF NYMPHOMANIA,written by Rubin, is on the whole, a forgettable and fairly worthless book. Being as it is a lawyer's blatant attempt to rebuild a reputation left in legal tatters as a result of his involvement with Jim and Kathy Willets. Jim and Kathy, Talk Show and tabloid TV fans will remember, were a couple of "swingers" who were arrested in Florida in 1991 over their exploits involving pimping and prostitution, surreptitious video and wire taping, and possible blackmail. Ellis Rubin, a famous and flamboyant lawyer from the area, delivered the excuse that the prostitute in question, Kathy Willets, actually suffered from nymphomania and the $150 -200 she charged for a pop in her tacky suburban home/cunt were gifts from grateful admirers. And the detailed records and videotapes her husband kept (recorded from behind the slats of their bedroom closet) could have been anything from fetishy memories to guards against blackmail. Mr. Rubin later joined the legal fray himself when his (and his lawyer sons') antics regarding the sale of the Willetses' videos to INSIDE EDITION were called into question. Which is why KATHY, A CASE OF NYMPHOMANIA is a ridiculous puff piece that shines lovely on Rubin and his excuses while taking the obvious jabs at Kathy and her husband. Jim: demonically cold and abusive and, in every way, a manipulative self-interested lazy pimp, and Kathy: a drunk, loud suburban ageing mother, less a slut than a complicitous pawn driven by cheap TV and supermarket make-over tastes.

"The depositions went on; the Johns told the prosecutors stories of a woman who was a long way from a seasoned prostitute ...she looked more like a woman looking for love -confused by sex, love and the actions of her husband."

All the peccadillos, all the little smarmy details about big bruises on hard squeezed fake silicone tits, nipple rings, cock sizes, anal penetrations and back seat blow jobs are nothing more than tiny boring excursions into otherwise empty brains and all the worse for the moral posturing and petty apologizing TV cameras and Jewish lawyers force as an absolute requirement.

Nevertheless, the background, pulled out in tiny specks and pellets from a huge mound of cold shit, is necessary to complete the picture that only slightly begins to form in SEYMORE & SHANE MEET KATHY WILLETS -THE NAUGHTY NYMPH. Our Kathy's debut porn-for-the-public release.

Seymore Butts is another of the hand cam documentors who, sired by John Stagliano (Buttman), offers a phony but largely edit-free series of near-public (or at least, as-it-happens) assignations. And while Seymore has the dubious adds "Singing and strumming, Manson is free".

Some may find the pleasures to be found in listening to Manson singing in jail, or for that matter rambling in any of the interviews contained in DEATH TRIP, to be rooted in exactly the opposite impulse.

Which is rather more Nietzschean than John Aes-Nihil would understand.

"At first, I found the examination of my paraphilic fantasies discouraging. My penis wouldn't swell, nor could I achieve an orgasm without mental scenes of ephebophilic girls being spanked. In some scenarios, I was being spanked by a dominatrix. But there was the possibility that I might discover something new about the paraphilias, so I continued my research into my own paraphilia. Alas, I also realized that millions of women suffer because of men who are paraphiles. Frequently I was thankful that I was not a paraphilic rapist, murderer and so on. Although it wasn't much of an option or alternative, my paraphilic lust was based on subjective or objective spanking, mostly."
(Ronald W. Keyes & John Money, THE ARMED ROBBERY ORGASM, Prometheus, 1993)

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c. Peter Sotos